

The  
Frances Shimer  
Record

Oct

November, 1913

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Mount Carroll, Illinois

## Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

### FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ..... dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within ..... months after my decease.

### FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

. . . . .

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

# The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY  
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## The Opening

Up to October 13 the registration is 126, a gain of approximately 10 per cent over last year. The gain is in both day pupils and house pupils, particularly in the upper academic and college classes, which are larger than ever before. No grade work is offered or the attendance would be still larger. The Science Hall, just completed at a cost of over \$20,000 equipped, is the greatest single step forward in strictly educational work the school has undertaken in recent years. Partly as a result of this improvement, the demand for work in domestic science has exceeded the capacity and several pupils have been refused admission to the classes. The faculty numbers twenty and pupils are present from fifteen states.

## Clippings from Harper McKee's Letters

ARRANGED BY ELSIE MORRISON

PICAYA, VENEZUELA, January 5, 1913

DEAR DAD:

We've been on the job one week and so far I'm enthusiastic about it. Friday we left camp, up the pike about fifteen miles, at Agua Clara and

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came down to Pecaya on foot. The trip was very hard, very hot, and very stony, so that we were about "all in" when we got here. But we have a nice camp by a clean little stream just on the edge of a more or less prosperous little town. The people are friendly to a fault and tell us all about various "mines" in the neighborhood. A mine is any place which looks as though it might possibly be of some economic value. It may be a little black shale which they call a coal mine, or it may be a salt spring. The natives are absolutely ignorant, so that on some days we have spent hours in tracing up some fool little spring of ordinary water.

This is a pretty good country to live in except that there's no water to speak of, so we can only go so far from camp as we can carry water for the trip. We have been getting up before daylight and getting started about 6:30. It's fine working in the early morning, but along about 11:30 it begins to get hot and we seldom get back to camp until after 3:00.

We get our money by telegraph. I'm keeping the balance out of the December check on me for use in case of an emergency. It ought to last me about forty years at the present rate of expenditure. Laundry one week cost six cents and the next week ten cents.

January 26

We moved into Pedregal on Tuesday and we've been working up into the mountains north of here since then. The mountains are not so very high but they certainly are steep. From here to the base is just about six miles across a perfectly flat plain, the elevation of which is very close to the elevation of Mt. Carroll. Then the mountains begin and they go up 1,500 feet in a horizontal distance of not more than a half-mile. From the top, which is a long flat ridge, one can see to the Caribbean and Paraguana by facing north, and one can see the mountains around Churuguana. It's a magnificent view. Pedregal, by the way, is a very good place to be. We have a big room in an alleged "hotel" to ourselves. The cooking tastes mighty good after camp cooking, and the people are very pleasant. There are only two other rooms in the house—one of them being the dining-room and the other the kitchen—but there is a fine big back yard for the goats and chickens and for our burros. Our boys sleep in their hammocks on the back porch. We expect to stay here until Tuesday morning and wish that we could make it longer.

POSO AZUR, VENEZUELA, February 14, 1913

I guess my partner and I are the only white people who ever heard of the name of Poso Azur. Of course the natives may take exception to



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that statement on the ground that they are white people but I think that the point is open to question. We are now experiencing the joys of exploration. To be sure, the country is pretty fairly well settled and there are lots of roads. We seldom travel more than three or four miles without meeting someone or passing a house. But the people are so awfully ignorant and lazy that we are unable to get more than the vaguest directions as to roads.

We are getting pretty low on the cost of living proposition. Tuesday we bought a goat for 80 cents. One of the boys did the dirty work. We sold the skin for 30 cents and have been having fried liver, goat soup, goat steak, etc., ever since. Oh yes, we sold 10 cents worth of meat, so the whole cost us 40 cents.

In case I haven't explained the details of our housekeeping, I'll tell it all over. We consist of a party of four, Burnett and myself, and two peones or laboring men at 60c a day apiece. We have five burros and we carry a small tent, very comfortable camp cots, a sort of a stove, a table, two chairs, four hammocks, and a small cooking-outfit. We usually work from about 6:30 A.M. until we get tired or run out of water—usually the latter—and the hour is anywhere from 1:00 to 5:00, most often about 3:00 P.M. When we are in a region where we can get limes we can usually get along with less water, but we have to carry the day's supply with us and water is the great problem. The hotel at Coro is the world's greatest. It's admittedly a better place to live than the famous Klindt at Caracas and there's nothing else to compare with it between Trinidad and Panama, so they say. Did I tell you about the bath? It's the most wonderful bath in the world, there are four showers and you use any or all of them. It becomes somewhat ridiculous though when the tank on top of the house goes dry and you have to yell for the kid to come and pump.

Tomorrow I shall go off on a horseback ride with the visiting "geologist" and we shall be gone for about a week. When we get back to Coro, I shall go with a Venezuela surveyor off into the country where Burnett and I have just been. This job will probably last for another month or more.

CORO. March 15, 1913

I've been off for the last week on a horseback trip with the assistant chief geologist. We had a couple of really interesting experiences. At Pecaya, for instance, there being no hotel or inn, we picked out the best-looking house in town and stopped there. We boarded off the family for two days and kicked because we couldn't get all the eggs we wanted, and

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they wound up by not charging us anything for board or lodging. Seems too bad to waste that sort of hospitality on a soulless corporation. Then when we left, Mr. Bryan bought the man's nice new hammock from him for six dollars and instead of paying him for it, we took an order to pay a business acquaintance of his in Coro. I guess that's some banking system.

Mr. Arnold, head geologist, is coming down next month and they are going to have him spend a few days here in my region. It will be interesting to see if his notions as to the country turn out to be anything like the ones we have worked out.

You asked about telegraph rates. I'm sending fifteen words in Spanish for 20 cents. The rate is double for English, double at night; on Sundays and on holidays, quadruple for English regardless of distance.

AGUA VIVA, April 20, 1913

Pedro and I have been off on a four days' trip through the mountains. Last week we were in Coro where a couple of German traveling salesmen told me that there was mail for me at Uramaco, a town I've never been in and not closer to than six miles since the middle of February. However, upon the expenditure of \$2.80 for telegrams and messengers I was able to pry the stuff away from Uramaco and received it at Agua Clara this morning. The shoes are in the country but not here. The chocolates I look forward to with the greatest pleasure as I've not had any decent candy since I left New York.

Of course, when letters come in bunches it saves postage for me. I'm keeping a close personal expense account along with the company expenses, and I find that the biggest item is clothes, but the second is postage. It seems to take about a suit a month, but they only cost about \$4.00 each. You see there's nothing really good in the country, and the clothes like everything else are slipshod and slazy. I buy the goods and have a woman make them up.

CORO, May 11, 1913

About every so often something happens on the job. When I was about to pass away from ennui the other day, I got a telegram from Mr. Bryan asking me to have a sailboat ready at La Vela on May 20 for a trip to Curacao and to meet him at Legarto, about sixty miles west, on May 17. So here I am in Coro trying to get the sailboat.

The small supply of underwear in which I hesitatingly invested in New York is about to die. Moreover, it is perfectly obvious that



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nobody in Venezuela has the slightest possible notion of underwear or what it should be. I had a woman in Sabaneta make me a suit and they were absolutely awful. Instead of making them to fit, she made them to fit anyone from giant size down. This adjustability is effected in a very complicated fashion, and without intending to be punny, I may say that it has its drawbacks.

We have a very black peon working for us who goes by the name of Claudio (pronounced Clow' dio). His stepson, Jose Protracis, age fourteen, also works for us at the rate of \$4.80 per month. Claudio's wife's name is Juanita and she has three other kids. One of them is a little girl named Guillermina, 11 years old, and the other two are boys; one of them, four years old, is named Dolores, and the other, who is only two years, goes by the name of Crux Maria. (Obviously the family are Catholics.) The boys are in the following stages of nudity: Jose wears a hat, coat and pants, and sandals; Dolores wears a hat and a shirt; Crux Maria wears a hat.

CORO, May 20, 1913

Letters from home reached here yesterday. The tie didn't show up. The custom officer probably fancied it. The shoes showed up, but I had to pay \$11.00 (real money) for them at the customhouse, so I won't want any more at that rate. I'm fast becoming a Democrat. The Johnson chocolates haven't showed up yet.

May 31, 1913

There are all sorts of ways of traveling, but I rather believe that I've found the roughest. I've tried several since this job began: Pennsylvania extra fare, Cadillac automobile, Red D. Line steamer, narrow gauge railroad, sailboat, and Shank's ponies. Mule back riding, though, takes the cake. A mule has a certain motion which puts her in a class by herself. Yesterday, I came 45 miles on her and I've averaged 30 a day for the last ten days. There are only about 60 miles left to go between here and the camp. Isn't that too bad? The gentle captain of the sailboat offered to bring the mule and me across the bay for \$4.00. I didn't know anything about prices, but I thought it might be worth while to quarrel a little so I offered him 80 cents. We compromised at \$1.20, and I discovered today that he should have charged me 50 cents.

MARACAIBO, June 4, 1913

Well, I'm off tomorrow at the crack of dawn toward the Perija. There are three Americans and one Venezuelan down there and as I carry mail and telegrams for all of them, I shall probably be welcomed heartily.

It's a four days' journey and this is the nearest post-office or telegraph station. I shall keep the mule for rapid transit in case the mosquitoes get me.

SAN JOSE, June 7, 1913

We are located. We are sure enough out in the woods—the last forty miles have been through a tropical jungle that's the real stuff. The whole trip was through the woods and I hardly ever did get to see in any direction, except straight up at the sky—and that was pretty difficult because the trees are so thick.

In the first three or four miles we saw the tracks of several—I think four—tigers and later on we came to a house where they were feeling badly because they said the animals had killed a cow last night.

In this country there is an altogether different kind of parrot. Over around Coro I saw great quantities of the large green kind. Here, however, they are enormously big and brilliantly colored. I shot one with my revolver and have the feathers. The parrot's mate scolded me so much that I almost felt badly.

I send this back by guide to Maracaibo and I may not get any mail back for sometime. We're a long way off.

July 31, 1913

Tomorrow at daybreak we leave—five Americans and sixty natives—for the Rio Santa Ana River. The peones go to carry the grub and cut roads through the jungle. There are no post-offices or telegraph offices. I do not expect to receive or send any mail for many weeks.

(Cablegram)

Maracaibo, October 10, 1913

McKee, Mt. Carroll, Illinois:

Outalrite—HARPER





## First Impressions of Dickens

BY MARGARET MANNING

That first impressions are not always lasting is shown in the following incident. I had never cared much for the standard authors' works. I much preferred a late magazine or a popular novel, but finally, feeling my ignorance along such lines, I determined to choose a book worth while, read a little each day, and finally conquer it. From a long list of books, I chose Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*, and immediately set to work to carry out my good intentions. My first impression of the book was that it was exceedingly dry and monotonous, and that the author carried entirely too many characters. As I read, my interest grew, and much to my surprise I found myself actually enjoying what I had previously termed "dull, unreadable literature." I became so absorbed in my story that I almost forgot to go to my meals. I never dreamed a book could be so entertaining, and I wondered why I had not thought of this plan for making myself read, long ago.

It was with regret that I finally laid the book down. Little Nell had gone to live with the angels I was sure, for who ever heard of a sweeter or more angelic child! How patiently she suffered hardships and privations for the sake of her grandfather and worthless brother! One couldn't help loving the dealer in curios, her grandfather, for he was an affectionate, kindly old man. From the very beginning of the story he enlists the reader's sympathy, and even his besetting sin, gambling, may be partially excused on the grounds that each time he went into the game, it was with the idea that he would win a great fortune for little Nell. How I despised Mr. Quilp! He led grandfather Trent into so many pitfalls that I am sure he must have had a great many things to answer for when he met St. Peter. What a laughable appearance he must have presented, a dwarf in stature, with head and face big enough for a giant! And who could forget jolly Richard Swiveller, who often "had the sun in his eyes?" How light-hearted he always seemed, even when trouble was just around the corner. "The Marchioness," so nicknamed by Dick because she didn't know her real name; Kit Nubbles, the shock-headed boy of the curio shop; Mrs. Jarley, whose fame still exists as a prominent figure in parlor entertainments; and many others, far too numerous to mention, are in a shadowy way dear friends of mine.

No one can read Dickens without falling into the mood of the tale. His characters, to me, seem like real people, and I follow them eagerly through their hardships and joys, only to find when I have finished the book that I have gained another treasure to add to my growing list of

thumb-worn volumes. I have resolved to keep up my plan and read not only Dickens' stories but many more of those "good tales," which, although they have stood the test of years, still retain their original flavor and first place in the ranks of literature.

### Circus Day

BY ELIZABETH DARNELL

Did you ever stand on a street corner in some small town on a circus day and watch the crowd which gathers there to await the coming of the parade?

Well, then, you will enjoy the story I am about to tell you. I happened to be in a mining town, of about twelve thousand inhabitants, in Pennsylvania, on circus day, when the townspeople turned out to see the parade. You know every town so highly favored as to have a circus visit it once a year has a favorite corner to which the people always rush to secure the best standing-room from which to view the parade. Well, this town did not vary in that respect.

I went down early, and stood on the side of the street opposite the corner on which the "early" ones had already gathered. Evidently the mothers of "great" families had spent much time fixing up their urchins in their best "bibbs and tuckers," and the stiff dresses and hair-bows made a picture of variegation worth while seeing. Mother very solicitously planted each little youngster on the edge of the terrace where he could see, and comforted him by telling him to watch for the clown. Family by family they arrived, until the corner was a mass of people. Here were boys so eager for the parade that they darted from the yard into the street, every now and then, to see if there were any signs of it, and then hurriedly returned with the news to the impatient throng.

Having seen all I cared to see of the onlookers at a distance, I started over to join them. As I crossed the street, I noticed a little old man just ahead of me. He was slightly stooped and walked with a cane; his face was heavily bearded, and an old black slouch hat was pulled down over his head so that you could see only a tiny fringe of grey hair. He wore black clothes, not so different from those of the elderly men on the corner. After I had found a place to stand among this noisy, uneasy crowd, and settled myself very comfortably, I saw this same little old man beside me. He was extremely interested in the expected circus, and kept constantly on the watch for it.

The noise of so many voices sounded like a room full of guinea-pigs, each screeching its best. Occasionally there would come a lull when

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some excitable person was sure he heard the circus band. The people were growing very restless when along came a man who, in a loud, quick voice, called out: "Everybody ready! I'll take your picture." Instantly all was quiet and everybody posed "just right" for, at least, two minutes. They were so intent on their pose that they did not notice the pretended photographer hurry away without taking their picture, and they probably would be still standing in that selfsame position had not something very exciting happened just then.

Out of a small shop on the opposite side of the street bolted a tremendously large woman. She was huge and her clothes emphasized the fact. She wore a large black-and-white checked dress, an insignificant, little, old hat, and was wildly flourishing an umbrella in the air. She never stopped, but rushed across the street, into the yard where the crowd was gathered, darted through, never once halting until she reached the little old man who was still standing beside me. In her loud, nasal tones this feminine intruder screamed: "Why, Silas, I'm so glad I found you!" At the same time she dropped her shower-stick and unceremoniously grabbed the little old man, giving him such a fervent embrace that she lifted him clear off the ground.

I confess, I was as much engrossed in this exciting pair as was the rest of the crowd, but I remembered the eager people in time to notice the expression on their faces. It was one of awe, mixed with curiosity; and, I think, a little disgust. Just then, however, their countenances changed as the circus approached. At that instant out of the crowd on the corner sprang a beautiful dancing girl and a circus clown, who, with nimbleness, bounded onto one of the passing floats and rode gaily away.

The little, old man and the big, fat woman had disappeared mysteriously, and I believe to this day that these people who were watching the circus could not tell where on earth the beautiful dancing girl and the funny clown came from.



### A Song of Autumn

BY THERESE FALKENAU

Drifted gold and orange hue  
Through the amethystine haze,  
Cooling breeze and wind-swept sky,  
These delightful autumn days.

Mellow, golden pears and apples,  
Creamy fruit and crimson there,  
Grapes of Tyrean purple clust'ring,  
Fruits of harvest everywhere.

Here and there a pumpkin gleaming  
'Midst the fields of golden grain.  
Rip'ning in the autumn sunlight,  
Cleansed by autumn's cool, sweet rain.

Mellow sunsets, misty mornings,  
Purple hilltops through the haze,  
Fields of goldenrod and aster,  
Royal robes of autumn's days.

### Her Dream of a Fiftieth Reunion at F.S.S.

BY BERNEDA PIERSON

Get up there, Dobin. You never have been as slow as you are today. Don't you understand, old faithful, that I am going back to dear old Frances Shimer and must be there in time for roll-call. Now, I just wonder if Ann will be there. Dear old "roomie," they say she has ten grandchildren now, and Betty, Sarah, Annabelle, and Mary, won't they be surprised when they see me coming down the chapel aisle? Do hurry, oh, do hurry! Why, what are those brick buildings? This can't be Frances Shimer; the campus is the same. Oh! I had forgotten about the buildings burning; someone did tell me, but the old school was still in my mind's eye. I'll just hitch the horse here by the grape-arbor for here comes the Dean—He looks just like his picture.

. . . . .

Yes, Mr. McKee, I am a Frances Shimer graduate of 1863. It has been so long since I was here and things have changed so much; why, it fairly hurts me.

. . . . .

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Yes, I came back on purpose to attend chapel once more, with my old schoolmates; just once more.

It is time? Thank you, I should much prefer to go down the aisle as was my custom. Oh, I wish I hadn't come! They are all looking at me. Where, oh where, are Ann and the rest? And these girls! The faculty too! They look so funny and they stare, yes, rudely stare. Is my bonnet on straight, or did I sit down in the wrong seat? Perhaps I wasn't careful about my hoops when I sat down. I never will forget the day one of the teachers didn't sit down correctly and her dress and hoops flew right up over her head, like an umbrella wrong side out. Why, would you look at that teacher! Poor thing, she didn't have enough goods to make her skirt; she must have picked up a remnant; and worse yet, look at those seams ripped right up and never once mended, and immodesty—why, I am ———! Why, I guess I am the one who is different, for look at the rest of the faculty and the students, too. No wonder, when the example is set by "the patterns of propriety." We, too, always followed right in the footsteps of our elders.

Onward Christian Soldiers,  
Marching as to war—

Dearie me, that sounds natural. Thank goodness, there are a few good things left. I might know, though, that Frances Shimer always did sing and always will sing and put into practice that song.

### The Castle by the Sea

BY LUDWIG UHLAND

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY FRANCES SCHMIDT

#### I

"Have you seen the castle,  
lofty castle, by the sea?  
Golden and rosy glide  
the clouds about it."

#### II

"It wishes to bow down  
in the mirror-clear flood.  
It wishes to strive and climb  
in the glory of evening clouds."

III

"Surely have I seen it,  
lofty castle on the sea,  
and the moon overhanging  
and fog all about."

IV

"The wind and wail of the waves,  
did they echo clear?  
From the halls, ballads  
and songs did you hear?"

V

"The wind, all the waves,  
lay in deepest calm,  
I heard with tears a sorrowful  
sound from out the halls."

VI

"Saw you the king and queen  
walking up above?  
Their red robes swaying,  
their gold crowns gleaming?"

VII

"Did they not lead with rapture,  
a lovely girl about,  
Beautiful as the sun,  
gleaming her golden hair?"

VIII

"Indeed saw I the parents,  
without their golden crowns.  
Clad in mourning garments.  
The maiden I did not see!"

## The Aim of College English II

BY GRACE OBERHEIM

A great deal of attention is being given to the college girl today, and as a result much is expected of her. Each subject that she takes up has a definite aim. The aim of College English is manifold, but the average girl who has three weekly themes to write, together with a study of the



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"Essentials of English Composition," seldom stops to think about the aim. This much she knows: the first theme of the week is on some current topic or event, the next an original one, and the last a translation or a paraphrase of some poem. To write these, she must, for the first one, know something of what is going on in the outside world; in the second, she has to have ideas and imagination of her own; and in the third, she must get acquainted with some good poetry or be able to give an idiomatic English translation from some other language. If, as our instructor told us, some people judge us by our use of the comma, the study of the essentials of English composition is no less important than the written work. At present a series of talks, from five to ten minutes in length, are being given by the members of the class, and, like a death-knell, the word has come that each girl in College English must appear in chapel before the entire school. A generalization of these details shows that the aim of College English is broad, and that the girl who successfully finishes the course must have a general idea of the best literature, and of what is going on in the world about her, and she must be able to express these ideas.

### To Our Teacher

BY ELIZABETH DARNELL

*(With all due apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)*

Our teacher she's 'Lizabeth Ann,  
And she, you bet, 'ist can't be beat,  
For she can outdo any man.  
When themes is wrong, an' words don't jibe,  
She straightens it out, and on t'other side,  
She'll write in red,  
Just the words we should a' set.  
There might a' been a comma wroag,  
That spoilt the meaning all along.  
An' she just comes to fix it, too,  
So it's most custard pie for you  
An' 'nen she'll say:  
"That stuff don't pay.  
You'll have to work—and then you play.  
Take yer rules an' use 'em, too,  
Er no high marks 'ill be fer you."

### A Strange Dream

BY BERNICE E. MELOY

A few nights ago, I dreamed about Frances Shimer.

We had been here only a month or two, when, one morning in chapel, the Dean told us that the faculty had held a meeting and decided not to continue school any longer this year. He gave us no reason at all, but told us to go to our rooms, pack our trunks, and go home on the first train we could. We were all stupefied, and looked at each other in amazement.

When Chapel was dismissed, everything was in confusion. The girls were asking one another the reason for all this, but, of course, no one knew. The first thing we did was to hasten to our rooms, and begin packing our trunks as rapidly as possible. When the draymen came for them, we hardly knew whether they were packed or not, so great was our excitement.

The 'bus was waiting for us in front of Metcalf Hall, and as we started from there with our suit-cases, umbrellas, and hand-boxes in hand, we met Mrs. McKee on the walk. We asked her to tell us why we were being sent home so suddenly. After much coaxing, she told us that many of the girls had not paid their tuition, and dreading to tell them of it for fear of hurting their feelings, they had decided it best to send us all home. We were content with this answer, and departed.

When I arrived at my home town, the train gave a shrill whistle as it pulled out of the station, and I awoke to find that the whistle was none other than the rising bell at West Hall, Frances Shimer.

### The Little Gray Ghost

BY VETA THORPE

The Little Gray Ghost of a Lonely Heart  
Followed me 'round one day  
With moan and sigh,  
With tearful eye  
That scared happy thoughts away.

I turned my back on the Little Gray Ghost,  
And tried to be useful and kind;  
The ghost-like gray  
Faded away,  
And left heartsease behind.

Then I turned to look for the Little Gray Ghost,  
Sad and with sorrow bent.  
But in her place  
With joyous face  
Was the Spirit of Sweet Content!



## Editorials

### The Hypocritic Days

Daughters of Time, the Hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes  
And marching single in an endless file  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will—  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes; hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples; and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late  
Under her solemn fillets, saw the scorn.

EMERSON

The hypocritic Days! Yes, that is what they are. They offer so much—yet give so little; they set opportunities before us—then snatch them away before our very eyes and frown upon us because we are not more alert. In our school life we should be especially careful to take everything we possibly can from each Day. There are so many things!

The Day's first gift is practical and vital—Bread—a gift that is worthy of grateful acceptance. Tardiness, slovenliness, indolence are not expressive of gratitude and it is scarcely fitting that they should welcome a stately "Daughter of Time." How much better it is to let our "morning wishes" shine in our faces with good cheer and glad preparation for whatever the Day may bring!

At walking time, early every morning, the Day smiles upon us with her sunlight and blue sky and the Day's breezes call to us to come. The morning air is fresh and sweet and fills our lungs with life and vigor.



Still—sometimes we turn aside and, if it is possible to do so without disastrous consequences, we omit the morning walk. Then, surely, the smiles of Day must change to frowns of scorn—for in refusing that gift of hers we deny our bodies one of the finest gifts a Day can bestow.

From morning walk we go to class where the Day extends to us "the diadems and fagots in her hands." Sometimes we are not ready. We plead more time. Tomorrow—tomorrow—. But one tomorrow follows another. Day after Day passes, "marching single in an endless file," and each Day that files by unheeded frowns upon us more bitterly than the one before. We must choose. Shall we take the fagots—trivial thoughts, frivolous dreams—or shall we go to meet the Day with open heart and mind, ready and waiting to receive the diadems?

After classes are over, the time for freedom has come—that time which the Day sets apart for athletics. Perhaps there are so many other things we may be wanting to do, that we do not enter into the spirit of our games. But if we wish to get the best there is from our basket-ball games or tennis sets, we must act willingly and be glad because we are young and strong and able-bodied.

Our own campus, with all its lovely trees and flowers, is our "pleached garden" where we live watching the endless file of Time's Daughters. There is nature's beauty and freedom all about us and the Day brings light in which we may see the beautiful things. All our schoolmates are with us to make life more pleasant, and the Day slips in little spare moments in which we may do some small service for a schoolmate or find some new virtue in a friend. There are teachers to help us, a library full of good books to read, and Young Women's Christian Association meetings to attend, that cannot but do good.

We could go on and on naming the gifts which each Day brings—on so far that we should wonder how one Day could hold so much. To be sure, one cannot take advantage of every opportunity; one cannot hear, and see, and do every desirable thing. But we can have a lively interest in all that goes on about us and we can take all we are capable of taking from each Day. Then, as time goes on, perhaps we may grow more efficient—able to take and enjoy more each Day. Life is a big, wonderful thing and it is splendid to be ready for whatever of good may come our way.

I wonder! What are we getting from the hypocritic Days?

### Keeping Young

For a young girl, wearing her hair down her back and wearing her dresses and skirts comparatively short, who comes to a school where most of the girls are much older than she, there is a big temptation to drop all of her childish customs and become a young lady at once. She sees the other girls, all older than herself, walking around the campus or hurrying to class, with their hair elaborately arranged on the top of their heads, and their skirts as long as possible and so tight as to make it difficult to run. Then, when she is walking with a friend, the latter will say: "O Mary, why don't you fix your hair like mine? It's easy to do and it would be so becoming to you." When Mary hears the words, "It would be so becoming to you," she almost yields; but then there is the question: "Can I arrange it myself so as to make it look becoming?" Ruth, her friend, lives in another hall and she cannot come over in the morning to fix it. Mary replies to Ruth: "I guess I hadn't better fix my hair up just yet. I don't think mother would like it." She doesn't like to say that she lacks the ability, so she says instead; "I don't think mother would like it."

So it is with all young girls who go to a school where older girls are in such a great majority. Those who can withstand the temptation are fortunate indeed.

### Senior Privileges

All the Seniors are anxiously looking forward for the time to arrive when they shall be granted their privileges. It is fitting and proper that Seniors should look forward to that time. It certainly is a privilege to be able to be a proctor two or three times a year, and thus save the teachers in College Hall hours of duty. For nothing in the world would Seniors exchange the right to "squench" their friends, and so make them their enemies, who gloatingly wait until they, in turn, can get revenge during their proctorship. Senior proctors like to set the alarm clock for six-fifteen, so that they can dress and get the lantern blown out before breakfast. Lighting the lantern at night and blowing it out in the morning is really a fine art, besides being a privilege.

To be a member of the house committee is another great prerogative of a Senior. It is, indeed, a privilege to be responsible when things go wrong.

"Going down town without a chaperon!" What visions of bliss—twice a week!! Of course, there is really no necessity of going twice a week, but why have privileges if one does not use them? Then, there



are always those friends who have plenty of errands for one to do. So, at three-thirty, when a Senior starts down town, she should consider it a privilege indefinable to be called back with an injunction to stop at the post-office for films, or to get a yard of voile at Martin's. And then, to pay for it out of her own money until "my allowance gets here" is a long-established custom which each Senior should recognize as a privilege—and appreciate.

It is a privilege, too, for an under-classman to hail a Senior in Metcalf, at noon, with the request: "Helen dear, do take me off the limits this afternoon. You know you promised to when you got your privileges." Who could refuse such a pathetic appeal, even if there was that towel to finish for mother, or that physics notebook to "get" up? The person appealed to is a Senior, with Senior privileges. Besides, what is the use of having privileges if they are not used?

To these same Seniors, mail is delivered immediately after Chapel, and, from that time on, classes continue until luncheon hour. Seniors cannot read mail in class, strange to say, but isn't it a privilege to know that that particular letter is waiting to be read?

Some members of the Senior class usually desire to become thin, and, in order to reach this beatific state, swear not to eat between meals. But the "privileges" state that oyster stew may be bought at a downtown restaurant. And what is the use of having a privilege that all Seniors do not use?

What horror does the committing of the greatest crime hold for a Senior? And yet, it is truly marvelous what effect these words may have: "Better not do it! Senior Privileges!!"

## Musical

### The Frances Shimer Glee Club

The chorus has been organized by Miss Howard and has a membership of more than forty. Rehearsals are held regularly in the chapel every Wednesday afternoon, and work is progressing well on some fine choruses to be used at a concert to be given during the winter.

Miss Hagberg is the accompanist.

### School Singing

Miss Howard has invited all the members of the school to meet at College Hall on Friday evenings after dinner for informal singing of college songs, folk-songs, and ballads which everyone should know.



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

A number of school and college songbooks have been purchased to be used at this time, and the girls are enjoying them very much.

## Recitals

The first recital of the year was given on the evening of October 4 by Miss Maud Zencie Hagberg, head of the Piano Department. She gave a difficult and beautifully rendered program which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Earl C. Smith of Mt. Carroll will be heard in a piano recital on Wednesday, October 22. Mr. Smith is a graduate of the Frances Shimer School, receiving his piano certificate from there in 1900. It has been over seven years since Mr. Smith's last recital in Mt. Carroll, and most of the time since then he has spent studying and teaching in Europe. It is expected that the community will enjoy an unusual treat.

Emil Liebling of Chicago, visiting director in piano, will appear in the first of his series of this year's recitals, November 18.

## Piano Recital at the Frances Shimer School by Maud Zencie Hagberg

Saturday Evening, October 4, 1913

Organ Prelude and Fugue . . . . .	Bach, Liszt
Sonata . . . . .	Schumann
So rasch wie möglich	
Andantino	
Scherzo	
Rondo	

### INTERMISSION

Nocturne, E major } . . . . .	Chopin
Etude, Opus 10 } . . . . .	
Barcarolle } . . . . .	Moszkowski
En Automne } . . . . .	
Nachfalter—Valse Caprice . . . . .	Strauss-Tausig

## A Gift to the School

Frances Shimer has been presented with a new silk flag. The gift came from Mr. Henry MacKay, and was seen, for the first time, in Chapel, the morning of October 7. We have long been in need of a "Stars and Stripes" of our very own, and, therefore, we feel grateful, indeed, to the one who has given us our American flag.

### Vesper Services

*September 14.*—Mr. McKee gave an interesting account of his recent trip east, in which he touched on various cities, but especially New York. Miss Hagberg played "En Automne" and "Barcarolle," by Moszkowski.

*September 21.*—The Dean, in his talk on "How to Enjoy Life," mentioned several things especially applicable to the school life, and in conclusion said that happiness is one of the chief things to be gained from life, and defined it as the "consciousness of duty well done."

*September 28.*—Annette Hutchison, president of Y.W.C.A., led the Association's first vesper service. Elizabeth Rubinkam played Mendelssohn's "Consolation," and Vivian Lowrey sang "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," by Gounod.

*October 5.*—Miss Dixon gave an interesting account of the life of Mary Anton and enlivened her talk with extracts from the young author's book, *The Promised Land*.

### Chapel Exercises

The exercises at chapel each Friday will be conducted, in turn, by the Departments of Oratory, English, Piano, and Voice.

*September 26.*—Miss Horning read very charmingly, *The Happiest Time*, by Mary Stewart Cutting.

*October 3.*—Julia Hickman gave a theme on "The New Picture in the Chapel." It dwelt, in detail, upon the copy of Albrecht Dürer's "Peter and John," one panel of "The Four Temperaments," which was presented to the School by the Senior class of 1913.

*October 10.*—Vivian Lowrey sang "The Nightingale's Song" by Nevin, a composition containing a beautiful melody well brought out by the clear, sweet voice.

### Y. W. C. A. Notes

#### The Report

The Young Women's Christian Association promises to be unusually successful this year. The membership is larger than ever before and the members show remarkable enthusiasm.

On account of ill-health, Margaret Creager, the president-elect for the coming year, was unable to return to school. The association unanimously elected Annette Hutchison, former vice-president, to take Miss Creager's place. Veta Thorpe was chosen to serve as vice-president.

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The members of the cabinet are as follows: Annette Hutchison, President; Veta Thorpe, Vice-President; Carolyn Green, Corresponding Secretary; Gertrude Munger, Recording Secretary; Mabel Hughes, Treasurer; Ruth Hastings, Chairman of Social Committee; Catherine Creager, Chairman of Social Service Committee; Vivian Lowrey, Chairman of Music Committee; Brenda White, Chairman of Practical Service Committee; Elizabeth Darnell, Chairman of Religious Meeting Committee; Dorothy Truesdale, Chairman of Missionary Study Committee.

The cabinet has begun already to plan for the Carnival-Bazar which the Y.W.C.A. expects to give at Christmas time. Also they have made a few preliminary arrangements for the White Christmas for some of the children of Mt. Carroll. The cabinet chose two delegates, Annette Hutchison and Elizabeth Darnell, to represent the Y.W.C.A. at the Central Field Conference which is to be held in Chicago, October 17, 18, and 19. The delegates expect to bring back to us from the conference many helpful suggestions which we may find useful throughout the coming year. With this year's large and enthusiastic membership, the Y.W.C.A. hopes to be able to raise enough money to buy a new piano for the Association rooms.

### The "Who's Who" Party

Saturday evening, September 13, the Young Women's Christian Association gave the "Who's Who" party for the school. A prize was offered to the girl who wore her name in the most unique manner. After everyone was introduced, the drawing room was opened for dancing. During the intermission ice-cream and cake were served. Just before it was time to leave, the prize, a box of candy, was given to Margaret Woodroffe, who represented her name by a picture of a wooden roof.

### The Corn Roast

The Young Women's Christian Association gave a corn roast for its members, Saturday evening, September 27. A large bonfire was made in front of Science Hall, around which the party was held. Three-Deep and Run-Sheep-Run were played until the fire was ready to roast the corn. Punch and wafers were served on the terrace, then everyone went to College Hall and danced until the nine-thirty bell.



### **Diversion Club**

The Diversion Club, including all the students as members, met on September 26 to elect officers for the coming year. The following were chosen: President, Veta Thorpe; Vice-President, Mabel Hughes; Secretary, Ruth Chester; Treasurer, Therese Falkenau.

A committee of three, Gertrude Van Avery, Frances Schmidt, and Berneda Pierson, was appointed to arrange for the entertainment which will be given on October 25 by the Junior College girls. They will present living pictures of famous masterpieces, and a ballad acted by silhouetted motion-pictures. Five entertainments will be given during the year by the College girls, Seniors, Juniors, Young Women's Christian Association, and the Glee Club.

There are no club dues, but the members are required to pay ten cents admission for each entertainment. Twenty-five cents is the admission charged for non-members. This money is to be used for the benefit of the school, as has been the custom in previous years.

### **Among the Faculty**

Each member of the Faculty takes her turn in serving after-dinner coffee to the other faculty members, every Wednesday evening in Faculty Parlor. Aside from these regular gatherings, Mrs. McKee served coffee to the faculty on the evening of September 12, in West Hall parlors; the "old" teachers entertained the "new" teachers at coffee, September 14; and the new members of the Faculty returned the courtesy the week following.

### **Junior College Notes**

About two weeks after school opened the Junior College class organized with a membership of thirty, and unanimously chose Mrs. Patton as counselor. The following officers were elected: President, Gladys Smith; Vice-President, Frances Schmidt; Treasurer, Gertrude Van Avery. The class colors are green and white.

### **Senior Class Notes**

On September 15, the Seniors organized their class. It proved to be the largest Senior class ever known at Frances Shimer, consisting of a membership of twenty-four girls. The following officers were elected: President, Catherine Creager; Vice-President, Ruhamah Mitchell;

## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Secretary, Dorothea Wales; Treasurer, Ruth Hastings. Miss Boyd was chosen counselor. The class flower is the daffodil; the class colors, gold and white.

Preparations for a Senior quartette have been made with Vivian Lowrey, as first soprano, Dorothy Fargo, as second soprano, Carolyn Green, as first alto, and Gertrude Munger, as second alto.

On Saturday evening, September 20, Miss Boyd served after-dinner coffee in the College Hall parlors, to the Senior class. During the evening, several selections were played on the victrola, and a Senior song, composed by Miss Boyd, was presented. The remaining time was spent in dancing.

Plans are being laid for the Thanksgiving entertainment which is to be in charge of the Senior class, the evening of November 27.

### Junior Class Notes

A meeting of the Junior class resulted in the election of the following officers: Mariam Flint, President; Constance Sargent, Vice-President; Miriam Samuels, Secretary; Elizabeth Sjöholm, Treasurer. Miss Brown was chosen counselor.

The class colors are American beauty and white, and the class flower is the American beauty rose.

The Juniors intended to give, as their first social affair, a picnic at Point Rock on the afternoon and evening of September 20, but on account of the weather, it was necessary to have it at College Hall. The evening was spent in telling stories and toasting marshmallows by the open fire. Dancing was enjoyed until the nine-thirty bell.

The Hallowe'en Prom is the first big event of the year to be given by the Juniors for the school. This year, the Prom will take the form of a Dance of the Seasons. The Juniors, themselves, will dress to represent Autumn, and the other classes, to represent Spring, Summer, and Winter. The date is set for Saturday evening, November 1, and a beautiful poster invites all to be present.

Ho! You maids of Frances Shimer!  
Lady Autumn bids you all,  
In the gay robes of the Seasons,  
To her merry Farewell Ball.



### **Sophomore Class Notes**

The Sophomore class was organized on October 4, and elected Helen Hurley as President, and Helen Moore, as Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Jencks was chosen as counselor.

### **Freshmen Class Notes**

On September 26, 1913, the Freshmen had a meeting, during which they organized their class, elected their officers, and chose their counselor. The officers are as follows: President, Viola Modorsohn; Vice-President, Mary Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, Evelyn Swanson. Miss Horning was chosen as class counselor.

Another meeting was held October 3 during which they chose the red carnation as their flower, and red and white as their colors.

### **Table Amusements**

Each of the many tables in our dining-room seats eight people. A teacher presides at the head of a table, and a College girl at the foot.

Recently, new forms of entertainment, in which different tables take part, have been tried, and approved by all concerned.

On September 29, Miss Morrison's table invited Mrs. Patton, Miss Boston, and their girls to a "'possum hunt." The excitement grew when the 'possums, Berneda Pierson and Catherine Creager, set out. After the hounds, Mary Brigham and Lucille Deutche, had gone, the "men" could hardly be restrained. When time was called, away they dashed after the scent, bits of brightly colored paper. After they had sped up and down side streets, through town, across the lower bridge, and out into the open country, they finally arrived at their destination, Sleepy Hollow, to find that the 'possums had won the hunt. The hunting party then gathered around a fire which was boiling the coffee and roasting the corn, and enjoyed a well-earned supper.

Thursday, October 2, Miss Brown's table invited Miss Horning, Miss Boyd, and the girls of their tables to go on a Hare and Hounds Chase. The hounds were shut in a room until the hares, Dorothy Fargo and Elda Platt, had been gone for ten minutes. Then the chase started, with the hounds following a paper trail. After crossing rivers and climbing fences and hills, they arrived at Point Rock Park, two minutes too late to catch the hares, but not too late to enjoy the roasted frankfurters and the hot coffee, around the camp-fire.



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Two "table" parties are planned for October 11; one to be given by Mrs. Patton's table and the other by Miss Boyd's. They will be country walks to some point of interest, and regular country picnic-suppers will be served. Mrs. Patton's table will entertain Miss Morrison's and Miss Libbey's; Miss Boyd's has invited Miss Brown's and Miss Boston's tables.

Besides the various kinds of picnics, a girl's birthday is usually celebrated by her table. Sometimes a big cake, gaily decorated with shining candles, is brought in; again, a different kind of ice cream, served with flowers, forms the extra part of the menu; or, it may be luscious-looking pumpkin pies, decorated in gaily colored paper, that are served in such a way as to make each girl long for her birthday to arrive.

### Exchanges

Few exchanges have come in as we go to press. We hope to greet them all again soon and to add new ones to our list.



The Record! it's a great invention.  
The brilliant staff gets all the fame;  
The printing company gets the money,  
And F.S.S. gets all the blame.

"Here's a conundrum, Miss Jencks," called Anne Marie, the other morning, "What makes more noise than a cyclone?"

"Mariam Flint," was the fervent reply.

*Mrs. Patton* (in Virgil class): "Why is *u-r-b-s* pronounced 'urps'?"

*M.H.:* "Because that's the way to do it."

*R. H.:* "What do you get a game for playing caddie, Vivian?"

*V. L.:* "Fifty cents, per- (haps)."

*Miss H.:* "Do they give a B. O. degree here?"

*Miss J.:* "No, but they give the degree, B.O.O.B."

We should like to know:

*Who is the committee?*

How long a girl can "subside" on thirty cents?

Why "E. Z. J." should be the initials of a member of the faculty?

Whom Dorothea will imitate next?

If Mrs. Patton is "just run by that committee"?

How Freshmen meetings can be held in study hour?

Why Melanie changed her place at the table?

If Miss Horning uses "Stay back! Stay back!" for an exercise in expression?

When "Elijah" crossed the ice?

*Who is the committee?*

## The Scattered Family

### Junior College

Dorothy Creager, '11-'12, is in the University of Chicago.

Lillian Whitmore, '11, will spend the coming winter in Los Angeles, Cal.

Ann B. Grimes, '12, will be graduated from the University of Chicago in 1914.

Mary Emily Merritt, '12, is a member of the Junior class of Smith College.

Louise Miles, '13, began her work in the University of Chicago in September.

Glee Hastings and Lorena Tuttle, '11-'12, are Sophomores at Wellesley College.

Zella Corbett, '10, University of Chicago '12, is teaching science in Downer's Grove.

Lavern Burgan, '13, entered the Junior class of the University of Illinois this autumn.

Julia Sword, '12, is the teacher in charge of the sixth grade of the Mt. Carroll public school.

Julia E. Brittain, '12, is doing exceptionally good work in the Senior class of Boston University.

Martha Green, '10, Ph.D. University of Chicago '12, is secretary to Dean Marshall, Head of the School of Commerce and Administration, University of Chicago.

Eva Roberts, '11, was graduated from Leland Stanford Junior University last June. She is a loyal Delta Gamma, and after a year at home expects to engage in social settlement work.

### Primary and Academy

Floy Welch, '09, has an art studio in Eldora, Ia.

Ruth Baume, '13, is a Freshman in Wells College.

Vera Meneilley, '13, is at her home in Minneapolis.

Norma Jones, '11, is a student at Drake University.

Carolyn Sterner has a class in music at Springville, Ia.

Bernice Ayers spent last year in Lake Forest College.

Elva Willard, Piano, '11, is teaching music at Empire, Mich.



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Winifred Seeger, '11, is a Junior in the University of Nebraska.

Hazel Hayden, '11, called at the Dean's Chicago office in August.

Mrs. Hazel Evans Bixby, '08, is making her home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Lydia Frank, '95, is now living at 625 Nineteenth St., San Diego, Cal.

Mary Seaman, Expression, '12, has a class in expression in Billings, Mont.

Geneva Seeger, '10-'11, entered the University of Nebraska in September.

Mr. Carlos E. Smith writes from Dumaguete, Or. Negro, Philippine Islands.

Edwina Myers, '08, called at the School and visited friends in town in August.

Harriet Leigh, '09, is studying at a school of illustration and design in Chicago.

Elaine Winifred Buxton, '12 Domestic Science, is in the University of Oklahoma.

Bernice Daly, '11-'12, is a student at the Fremont Normal College, Fremont, Neb.

Helen Strickler, class of '10, is teaching in the High School at Sardinia, N.Y.

Charlotte Comerford, '10-'11, is teaching in the public school of Sand Point, Ia.

Marie Berlin, '12, is a member of the Sophomore class of the University of Chicago.

James Campbell is a member of the Senior class of Leland Stanford Junior University.

Helen Cribb, '12, is taking a course in floral decoration in her home city, Minneapolis, Minn.

Hattie O'Neal, '64, resides now in Los Altos, Cal., and she retains her interest as a teacher.

Alice M. Gibbs, '99, expresses herself with enthusiasm about her new home in Twin Falls, Idaho.

Vesta Martin, '11, is planning to take a course at the Michigan State Normal, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Frances Roberts, '11, is continuing her art course in the Normal School of Los Angeles, Cal.

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Mrs. Margaret Huntoon Lillard, '01-'02, sends her subscription for the *Record* from Rhonne, Tex.

Doris Leach, '13, and Ruth Davis, '11, are taking a course in the Handicraft Guild, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Adaline Hestetter Bjorkquist, '02, and daughter Harriet, have been recent guests with friends in Mt. Carroll.

Ruby Hughes, '04-'06, A.B. the Western College, '08, is taking postgraduate work in biology at Cornell University.

Many friends will sympathize with Zella Belden Davis, class of '90, who lost her husband in September, in West Chicago.

Fannie K. Gibbs, class of '89, of West Springfield, Mass., spent a few days in Mt. Carroll in July, with Jessie Hall Miles.

Edna Olson, '12, has entered the Sophomore class of the University of Colorado, and has been pledged to the Pi Beta Phi Sorority.

Dana Willcox, '10, will be graduated from Drake University in June, 1914. She is this year an assistant in the German Department there.

Celestine Dahmen, '10-'12, is attending school in Switzerland this year, but writes that she will be back in Frances Shimer in September, 1914.

Helen Eacker, '77, and a member of the Faculty for a time, was the efficient state secretary for the Progressive party during the campaign of 1912.

Mrs. Harry Gale McGinnis, *nee* Elizabeth Adams, '00-'04, is living at Wilmette, Ill., and has sent pictures of her four interesting children to the School.

Harriet Shirk Wells, class of '90, with her husband and three promising children, visited her sister, Mrs. Nellie Riemann, in Mt. Carroll, in the summer.

Sarah McKay, '02, B.S. University of Illinois, '06, was made a member of the Michigan State Eugenics Commission by which she is now employed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miles of Mt. Carroll spend the winter in California. Mr. Miles is a trustee of the School and Mrs. Miles is a trustee of the Frances Shimer Estate.

Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Walter, who will be remembered by our students as Liza and Christa Prater, recently visited the School. They now live in Morrison, Ill.

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Laura Wolz, '11, spent the summer at Paradise Ranch, Buffalo, Wyo., and is now continuing her study of vocal music under a private teacher at her home in Fremont, Neb.

Marie Hakes, '11, and Nona Hakes, '09-'11, are students at the Northwestern University, the former a Junior and the latter a Sophomore. Both are members of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, Lincoln, Neb., will be glad to know that Mr. Sawyer's health is good, since the loss of his foot last Spring. Mrs. Sawyer belongs to the class of '71.

Lynne Waddell, who has been for some time the efficient head of the English Department of Shepherd College Normal School, has resigned her position and is resting for a year at her home in Brandonville, W. Va.

Members of the class of '95 will be very glad if anyone who knows the present address of Chloe Baker Saunders will send it to the *Record*. Mrs. Saunders went to Los Angeles after the death of her husband several years ago.

Delana E. Bailey, '91, a member of the Faculty for twelve years, has accepted the position of secretary to Miss Lina B. James, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Portland Ore. Miss Bailey's present address is 269 Fourteenth St., Portland.

A letter from Margaret Powell states that, at the next meeting of the Association of Mt. Carroll Students, they hope to have as guest of honor Mrs. Hays, who graduated fifty years ago. It is also hoped that some of the class of 1913 will be present.

Emily F. Maloney, graduate in Vocal Music, '12, took a course in the American Institute of Normal Methods, Chicago, during the summer of '13, in preparation for a position as supervisor of public-school drawing and music. She is now teaching at Windom, Minn.

Marion S. Willcox, '09-'10, has been very successful in giving entertainments as a soloist and elocutionist during the past year. Her new home is at 812 Lake Shore Ave., Oakland, Cal., and she writes of having met a number of the members of "The Scattered Family" there recently.

Edna J. Smith, class of '98, has recently taken a position in the Runnells School of Music at Peoria, Ill. She will introduce the Musical Kindergarten System which was made popular a few years ago by Mr. Sherwood at his school in Chicago. Miss Smith's address is 307 Perry Ave.



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Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Harris (Miss Knight) spent part of the summer with Mrs. Harris' parents at Falmouth, Mass. They are now in their home in Ontario Apartments, Ontario Road, Washington, D.C. Mrs. Harris sent to the Dean some interior views of their home. Mrs. Harris is a trustee of the School.

### Marriages

Amy Opdyke, '12 Academy, to Mr. Forsythe of Cordova, Ill.

Helen Welch, '09 Academy, to Mr. Wieland. Mr. and Mrs. Wieland reside in Davenport, Ia.

Hazel Cooper, '11 Academy, to Mr. R. A. Lynch. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch are living in Alamosa, Colo.

Hazel Caldwell, '07-'09 Academy, to Mr. I. M. Stainback, a government official in Honolulu, where they now have a pleasant home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Weyrauch announced the marriage of their daughter, Marie Ann, July 3, 1913, to Mr. Howson E. Wittmore, Jr.

News of the marriage of Mabel Percival is late in reaching the School, as she was married about a year ago to Mr. J. H. West. Their home address is 622 Umbria St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The marriage of Ada Dorothy Ahlswede to Mr. James Frederick Pieper occurred on June 11, 1913, at Pasadena, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Pieper are at home at 531 Twenty-second St., Sacramento, Cal.

The announcement of the marriage of Virginia Platt, '11-'12 Academy, to Mr. Edward Richardson at Waterloo, Ia., has been received. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are now at their home in Springfield, Mass.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Grace Dunn, teacher of violin, '10-'11, to Mr. John Mötter on September 4, 1913. Mr. and Mrs. Mötter will be at home after November 1 in Chicago.

Invitations were received at the School for the marriage ceremony of Florence Winchell Lougee, '08 Academy, to Mr. Charles Alton Martin on July 9, 1913, at Council Bluffs, Ia. Mr. and Mrs. Martin reside at Broken Bow, Neb.

### Births

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Norton announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Elaine. Mrs. Norton was Stella Grau.

Announcement has been received of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest White at their home in Wadsworth, Ill. Mrs. White was Hazel Thain, '04-'05 Academy.

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News of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bergeson on July 10, 1913, has been received at the School. Mrs. Bergeson was Evelyn Simpson, of Mandan, N.D., a student in '11-'12.

### Deaths

Word has been received of the death of Mary Conrad.

Mrs. F. L. Cook died at her home in Lyons, Neb., September 20, 1913. Mrs. Cook's maiden name was Nina Leontine Shafer.

# "THE RECORD" ADVERTISING PAGE

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Mt. Carroll, Illinois